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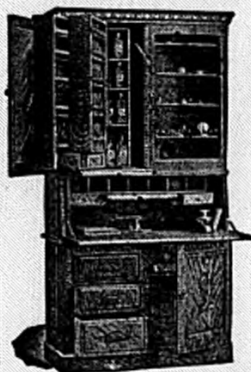
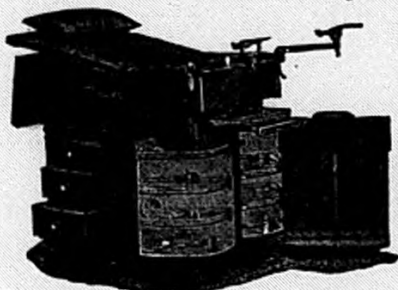
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SUGGESTION

"Man's whole education is the result of Suggestion."

VOL. VI. No. 5.

CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PAIN!

BY S. F. MEACHAM, M. D., OAKLAND, CAL.

The time of my birth is absolutely unknown, but it is known that Disobedience of Law is my father and Consciousness my mother.

I have for ages been regarded as the enemy of the race. It has been thought that I was the one offspring of the human mind that was without one redeeming trait. "Pain will kill" has been a saying that has frightened more people than almost any other in the languages of men. Fear of me has led to the use of more poisons than any other thing in the world. Suicides by the thousands have occurred because the victims thought that they could thus evade my clutches.

You must remember that the Pain family has many members. I and my offspring operate on the physical, moral and mental planes. I am sometimes supposed to deal with diseased conditions alone, but such is wide of the truth.

I am the sting in a guilty conscience, and the shame in duty neglected as well as the suffering in disease and accident.

I am neither as good as a few fanatics deem me, nor as bad as most people paint me.

A few at the present time are trying to elevate me to the station of a god, and

to teach that I am absolutely without fault and to be desired. I am regarded by such as a blessing in disguise and the sole teacher of the race. Now, while there is some little truth in all this, it is not wholly true.

I am one of the teachers of the race, and only one. It would be a libel on God to claim that he had no other means of curing disease than surgery.

All the fruitage of ignorance can be correctly called disease, and, if so, I am the mental surgeon who administers to a mind diseased. But God is not dependent on my services alone, necessary as they are at times. Precept, Example, Persuasion, Love of the good, true and pure are all teachers whose various claims are not to be neglected nor forgotten.

But after all this, it is to be noted that all the above operate within the field of the conscious and deliberate. It must not be overlooked that we consciously follow or aspire only after what we at least dimly perceive.

So these teachers operate in a growing field ever becoming more useful and of wider scope of operation.

Early in conscious life, or in life on the animal plane, they are narrow in their

field and of minor use. But, as life advances and becomes more and more conscious, and especially as it becomes self-conscious and deep, their field and power grow rapidly, and all the above fanatics would do well to cultivate the acquaintance of these noble souls, and thus grow a more human idea of God and his plan of operation.

But after acknowledging all the above in the interest of fairness and truth, I must still insist that I am not wholly bad or entirely useless. In the early stages of progress above referred to, I am the main teacher of the race. My field of operations is not confined to the known, to the understood. It is only necessary that life be conscious, when my work commences. It is my office to guard the road of progress and prevent the traveler wandering too far afield, where destruction would certainly await him; besides, if permitted to wander at will with no let or hindrance, progress in any one line would be slow, if, indeed, any progress was made at all.

I am at times compelled to be a little severe, especially when repeated and vigorous attempts are made to fly from the necessary path, but no more severe measures are used than are necessary to turn the face in the desired direction.

It is only necessary that the life can feel my operations and locate them, when they for the most part shun that course, and as I guard the path of progress, it is only necessary to heed my presence in order to keep within reasonable bounds.

You can readily see that the above is really not a bad work, but you will say: "Why not trust all this to the teachers above mentioned?"

This is a good question and worthy of careful attention, and if some good and sufficient reason could not be given, my

work would indeed be cruel and unnecessary.

We do not employ a surgeon if other means are known. Surgery is born of our ignorance of other methods of relief, and I have said that I was the mental surgeon. As fast as we learn other methods the surgeon is crowded out. There are two reasons why the above teachers cannot take my place in all directions.

First, their operations, as has been already said, is largely confined within the known, while I guard the unknown and stick thorns and brambles along the path of the experimenter, lest he travel too wide afield and fall by the wayside, and all who will heed small hurts and avoid their source, I will guide in a fairly straight and hence shorter path to the desired goal.

Second, there are many minds who refuse to heed all other lessons than mine. If these parties were left to themselves they would soon dissipate themselves to death. This number is so great that the earth would soon become depopulated if they were not forced to do differently and to go the right road whether they wish to or not. Besides, there are many who would never go at all save that I keep prodding them in the rear and keep them on the move.

Thousands would not listen to angels from God himself if they told them to do anything contrary to their own desires. In fact, such angels are already provided in the nature of Love, Purity, Peace, Knowledge, and other souls of like ilk, but while their work is daily growing in importance and effectiveness, they cannot as yet dispense with my services. My prod and sting are still necessary. But I am really not as cruel as some wish to make me appear.

I punish only as necessary. One is required to do only as according to development, and the low and ignorant are allowed a wider field for transgressing than are the highly developed ones.

It is well known that the refined and educated are prodded by me for more things and in a more vigorous manner than the lower natures.

Well, I hear some one say: "If this be true, how are we ever to dispense with your services as a surgeon? If your field of operations grows with the advance of the race—what is to stop it?"

Look at physical surgery to illustrate. As we know more of anatomy and physiology together with the results of operations, surgery grows wider in its field of operations, but while this is going on there is another process going on at the same time.

We are learning to cure cases without surgery that was impossible before, and we can at least imagine a time, distant as it may be, when we will be able to handle without the knife everything that comes up, so with mental surgery.

My field is still growing, but more and more powerful are Love and Wisdom becoming also, so that if the time should ever come when individuals can be attracted from in front, it will not then be necessary to guard the sides so closely nor to prod from behind, and my services will end; but to-day I am an important teacher, an indispensable teacher in all fields of progress.

So you see I am not an angel, nor am I malicious in nature.

I am not good in myself, but in avoiding me you are driven to the right, so I am good in what results. Surgery is not good in itself, but is better than death. It is the lesser of two evils, but we continue to hope for a time when knowledge

will render all outside help useless, save as it comes from the hands and heart of Love.

When this day comes in the self-conscious field of right and usefulness, it will be seen that I was fulfilling a mission in the kindergarten department of the race, in order that individuals might be taught to do as they pleased, but at the same time be taught to please to do right.

The willful and ignorant could in no other way be forced to develop self-reliance, yet forced to rely on the right.

Again my services are far more important in ordinary disease than is thought. I am satisfied that too many sick beds are made comfortable in all senses of the word. How many when children (and I am afraid that many have not outgrown it yet) have played sick to get the extra attention and care sickness brings? My presence here is a blessing. I should be permitted to make the sick bed at least uncomfortable, and then I am certain that quite a percentage of those lying comfortably on them, with every desire gratified, would get up and get out.

I am not claiming that my presence should be unnecessarily summoned, but I do claim that there is a possibility of excluding me too entirely from the sick chamber, so that it is really a place of ease for ambitionless ones who love anything better than to tackle the bill of life.

As an aid to recovery from many troubles, my services would be of inestimable value.

Suggestionists would do well to study my biography, and see where my offices could help them in their good work, and they would see that I have been too entirely ignored in these latter days, under the assumption that I am the Devil himself.

So, when I am asked why I need exist

at all, I reply that it is because there are so many who would never enter the gates of Heaven save as they do so running from the Devil; because so many people would never enter into the outstretched arms of health and happiness, save as they do so for protection from sorrow and tears, and millions of the race would never see the land of promise except they are fleeing from poverty flat. So I deem myself a respectable member of society, an educator of no mean note, and one whose acquaintance more people should be allowed to cultivate.

Working Up a Sickness.

"A nervous man recently called on me," said a New Orleans physician, "and asked, 'In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?' 'On the left side, exactly here,' I replied, indicating a spot a little above the point of the hip bone.

"He went out, and next afternoon I was summoned in hot haste to the St. Charles Hotel. I found the planter writhing on his bed, his forehead beaded with sweat, and his whole appearance indicating intense suffering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis,' he groaned, 'and I'm a dead man! I'll never survive an operation!'

"Where do you feel the pain?" I asked.

"Oh, right here," he replied, putting his finger on the spot I had located at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had a knife in me there and was turning it around.'

"Well, then, it isn't appendicitis, at any rate," I said cheerfully, "because that is the wrong side."

"The wrong side!" he exclaimed, glaring at me indignantly. "Why, you told me yourself it was on the left!"

"Then I must have been abstracted," I replied calmly; 'I should have said the right.' I prescribed something that wouldn't hurt him, and learned afterward that he ate his dinner in the dining-room the same evening. Oh! yes; he was no doubt in real pain when I called," said the doctor in reply to a question, "but you can make your finger ache merely by concentrating your attention on it for a few moments."—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

Daddy Do-Funny.

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,

How you come on?"

"Po'ly, thank God, honey,

Po'ly dis morn.

"My ole spine its sort o' stiff,
And my arms dey 'fuse to lif,
An' de miz'ry's in my breas,
An' I got de heart-distress,
An' de growin'-pains dey lingers,
In my knee-j'int's an' my fingers,
But I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'."

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,

What euyus talk!

How is you well, when you

Can't even walk?"

"Hush, you foolish chillen, hush!
What's dat singin' in de brush?
Ain't dat yonder blue de sky?
Feel de cool breeze passin' by!
Dis ole painful back an' knee,
Laws-amassy, dey ain't me,
An' I's well, praise God, dis mornin'."

—*Ruth McEvery Stuart.*

What a hurry we are in for our results. Nothing in nature is in a hurry. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn.
—*F. G. Peabody.*

SUGGESTOGRAPHIA.

BY GEORGE BIESER, M. D., 186 W. 102D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ARTICLE V.

In the previous article, entitled "Suggestographia," we considered briefly the value of evidence by testimony as proof of the reality of reported unusual phenomena, and stated or showed in that article how error can arise either in the observation or in the transmission of the facts of human experience.

Another kind of evidence frequently brought forward by authors—scientific or otherwise—to prove the correctness of accepted or rejected theories and of beliefs, or to prove the power of an agent for good or evil when employed for remedial or other purposes, is that known as statistics. This sort of evidence may be false, presumptive or corroborative, but never by itself positive. Statistics—a collection of facts, or the science of collecting facts, respecting the civil condition of a people—are but numbers applied to human conceptions, and they must necessarily be of the same character as their source. Numbers, considered by themselves, do not lie, but statistics often do; in fact, there are three kinds of lies—lies, promises and statistics.

Numbers or figures, like words, can be applied to anything or to any process without changing in the least the physical existence or reality of that thing or process. Even metaphysical creations and truths can have figures and words in any amount associated with them without adding reality or substance to them. Figures or numbers are but symbols for certain

ideas—those that result from our cultivated sense of numbers. In reality, figures stand for that which exists in the metaphysical, and when associated with an object, it is rather with the abstract thought or thoughts of that object than with the object per se.

We understand how these numbers—creations of mankind, like words—can be associated with mental creations or abstractions, which creations or abstractions in turn can be associated with real or with virtual objects and processes. But in making abstractions it is important that they stand in a proper relation and perspective to the actual object or process. Metaphysical abstractions are creations in the physical realm which have in most instances no bases, or, at the most, slim bases in fact or abstract reality; while scientific abstractions are psychical creations controlled by the evidence of our senses—observation. Men can create in the psychical realm what they please, and give to these creations—virtual somethings—whatever attributes—virtues and vices—that their desires and imitativity inspire; but the addition to these creations of mere numbers and names still leave them without substance or abstract reality and apparently without space or time relation. Every day common experience shows conclusively that everything and every process with abstract reality, even human thoughts, stand in a definite relation to

time, space, matter, energy and intelligence. For man to disregard the factors of time and space in his calculations does not remove these limitations any more than the disregard of, or rather the non-belief in the existence of matter, sickness, poverty, failure, misery and death by Christian Scientists, removes these limitations from their animal existence. If they would teach that much of the suffering or other baneful effects of these abstract realities were the result of adverse thoughts and emotions, suggested by the presence of these factors and of environment, then we could uphold them in many of their teachings. But to deny the existence of processes and other abstract realities outside of those of mind, is to deny common experience; and therefore such teaching is nothing more than the forcing of a theory to the belief of that which is absurd and undemonstrable.

Numbers, then, are associated with metaphysical productions, or abstractions of objects and processes. Just as a woman does not love a man for what he actually is, but rather because he represents or stands for the ideal of man which she has created mentally for herself, so in an analogous way statistics do not stand for the real facts, but rather for the abstracted ideas and emotions which men associate with actual facts, or which men have abstracted from reality. The figure seven means nothing or nothing in particular unless it is associated with that form of abstraction; but, as every person has his own ideals and personal equation, his statistics are of no value as positive evidence to anyone except himself—for he alone knows what they mean.

We easily understand why statistics are so unreliable, if we keep in mind the fact that numbers are associated with mental

creations or conceptions, which in turn are associated—erroneously or correctly—with phenomena. Mankind can juggle with numbers almost as they please, even when the numbers are apparently associated with tangible reality. A few examples will suffice to show how numbers will easily deceive persons who are not careful in their observations.

Take a piece of paste board, three inches in width and ten inches in length. Divide it by pencil lines into thirty equal squares, and then cut it from corner to corner along the line *a. b.* (Figure 1) so as to form two triangles. Then cut off the tops of these triangles at the lines marked

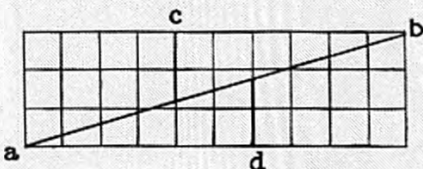


FIG. 1

c. and *d.* Now arrange these four pieces of paper in the manner shown by Figure 2. By counting the number of squares in Figure 1 you count but 30 squares; while the counting of the squares when the parts

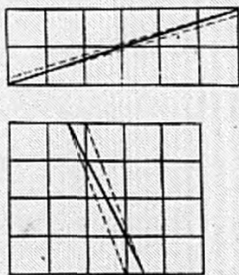


FIG. 2

are arranged as in Figure 2 will show the number of squares to be 32. But this is only apparent, and only the case if the squares are small, for it is not everybody

who can then detect the imperfections in the squares of Figure 2.

Again, we know that 8×8 equals 64, and not 65. If you will take a piece of pasteboard eight inches square and cut it into four pieces, observing the measurements and shapes shown in Figure 3, you will

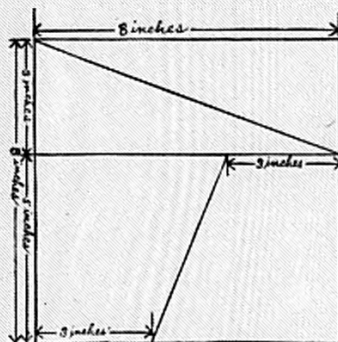


FIG. 3

find that the placing of these four pieces in the position to form the diagram shown in Figure 4, will give you a parallelogram 13 inches long and 5 inches wide, with an apparent area of 65 square inches; for 5×13 equals 65. This conversion of 64 square inches into 65 is not real, and this demonstration does not really prove 8×8 equals 65; for if care is taken to use a rule and a square properly you will soon find that the sum of the areas of the pieces of paste board still contain only 64 square inches, and that they have only been made to cover an area of a parallelogram whose length is 13 inches and width 5 inches. This covering of an area of 65 square inches by these pieces of pasteboard containing 64 square inches is possible only if pains are taken to see that the long sides of the parallelogram (see Fig. 4) are parallel; then you will see that a rhomboid space remains between the pieces of pasteboard above the diag-

onal line, which, on measurement, is shown to cover an area of one square inch. Here is where the extra square inch comes in. The mere multiplying of the length (13 inches) by the width (5 inches) of the parallelogram covered by the pieces of paper (containing 64 square inches) makes it possible to deceive careless persons and makes them believe that 8×8 can equal 65, thus leading them to believe that numbers are not necessarily always correct. A careful or critical person would not be satisfied with the mere numbers 13×5 equals 65, and therefore 8×8 equals 65, as sufficient proof; for he would measure correctly the area of each of the pieces of paper and not the area covered by them,

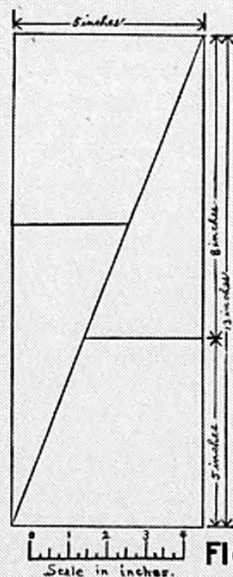


FIG 4

and the true sum, no matter how these pieces of paper are laid, he would always find to be 64 square inches. If man can juggle with numbers when applied to real objects so as to easily deceive persons who are poor observers and who depend on appearances only, how much more easily

can he juggle with numbers applied to mere abstractions, mental creations and intangible realities, so that errors and mystery are produced?

Remember that mental processes are not active in all persons to the same degree; that all persons do not sense consciously all that can be sensed; that human experiences are diverse, often incomplete and defective, and confusingly mixed with emotions and traditional or formal conceptions; that phenomena, as they are represented to us by our unaided senses, are imperfect because senses report only appearances; and that our central nervous systems are conscious only of impulses, emotions and thoughts. With this knowledge at hand we can understand why statistics are unreliable, are apt to give an exaggerated or erroneous idea of what they pretend to prove, and are insufficient proof for all careful investigators.

Statistics, because of the numbers they contain, give to most persons a sense of accuracy which is rarely realized by direct and accurate observation. Statistics apparently can be made to prove anything you want. On the other hand, they can be made to prove nothing. Statistics are valuable or worthless according to the method of their preparation. Now, it is plain that, to count how many persons have observed or reported psychical or psycho-physiological phenomena, and how many patients were treated successfully or unsuccessfully, by psychical methods, without knowing anything about the methods of observation or care taken in the transmission of the facts of human experience, or about the exact psychical and physiological disturbances in patients, and of the exact procedures used in each case, is misleading; and to take the

results in figures as reliable or positive evidence, merely because one believes and knows that numbers do not lie, is absurd.

In taking statistics as evidence of the reality of psychical and physical phenomena, and as proof of the power of any psychical and physical agent for good or for evil, it is absolutely necessary to know all about the abstractions to which the figures are attached before they can be accepted as worthy of our confidence. Without this knowledge statistics are absolutely worthless, because they give an exaggerated or untrue idea of the real facts of experience. How often do doctors have statistics presented to them, showing apparently the value as a "specific" for diphtheria, of Behring's anti-diphtheritic serum? The term diphtheria is a name for a mental abstraction of certain pathological processes occurring in a living organism, and not for a mental abstraction of pathological processes produced in living organisms by experimentation upon them, with rotten organic matter taken from test tubes containing Klebs Loeffler bacilli. It is well known that the abstraction termed diphtheria is not the same something to all doctors and scientists. Thus, the most prevalent notion, especially among recent graduates and laboratory scientists, is that diphtheria is an infection of the living organism by Klebs Loeffler bacilli. But clinicians have repeatedly shown that this bacillus is often present, sometimes virulently active and at other times inactive, in the throats of healthy persons and those suffering from catarrhal, suppurative, syphilitic, tuberculous and other infectious and simple affections of the upper air passages; and yet these affected patients present no clinical evidence of diphtheria. Hedging

won't do, for who can prove, clinically, the difference between mere presence of a specific bacillus and infection by that bacillus?

Because of mere words, beliefs and theories presented rather than that of actual knowledge concerning the relation of Klebs Loeffler bacilli to diseased conditions present in living organisms, many clinicians have refused to accept the presence of these bacilli as proof of the presence of diphtheria, and rightly so. The only variety of proof presented seems to be that of statistics, nothing but statistics! which are so numerous that it would take many volumes to hold them. Of course these bacilli, when active, are dangerous (so are flies); but they are not the disease, nor are their presence in diphtheria anything more than corroborative evidence of this disease. This dispute over so common a disease is due to a difference of opinion; on one side to opinions based upon beliefs, theories and laboratory experiments, and conducted under artificial conditions; and, on the other side, to opinions based upon clinical observations. It is true that each side has its facts, but they fail to grasp the situation or better the relation between their facts, and only content themselves by giving each other statistics as proof of their assertions. We see that both sides are laboring under the error of thinking that, because numbers give a sense of mathematical accuracy, and because the different abstractions appear correct, according to the conceptions of those on opposing sides, the facts of abstract reality must necessarily be proved by their statistics, or jugglery with numbers. Nothing is more absurd. Therefore I make a plea that statistics be not presented to cause disputes among investigators of psy-

chical phenomena, and that statistical evidence of psychical phenomena be totally rejected as useless if it is not accompanied with clear, correct and common-sense abstractions. It is well to have matters of this sort clearly perceived, otherwise embarrassments or misconceptions will multiply.

Now, kind reader, what is wanted in the investigation of the effects of Suggestion and of psychical phenomena of all kinds are facts of experience—subjective and objective—and results, not numbers and mere words. All statistics are thrown away as useless a few years after they are compiled; and the best of them are, in a way, like the old signs that once served useful purposes, but are no longer needed because their owners are no more. If you employ numbers at all for purposes of evidence, don't do it in the manner shown above, where defective squares are carelessly counted as entire ones, thus giving apparently more squares or area than the original piece of pasteboard contained—an impossibility; but employ numbers carefully, and see that they balance properly and with reality; otherwise there has been jugglery with or carelessness in application of the numbers to abstract reality, or error in your observation. Remember that numbers do not lie, but that statistics often do. If you do not recognize the difference between numbers and statistics you are apt to believe that numbers are not exact, and your faith in them is apt to be shaken. Do not, however, put much faith in statistics merely because they contain numbers, for

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the
last."

—Selected.

Another kind of evidence frequently presented by authors, and so-called investigators, is that of authority. How often do we hear or read that Mr. or Professor So and So have said this, that and so? This kind of evidence, to the point of being nauseous, is especially common in works upon psychical phenomena. Why should any man who knows about the subject upon which he writes, need to show that all he knows, can know or pretend to know, can only come from authority? Authorities should be our staffs, but not our crutches. It is true that authorities have aided considerably in rendering the procedures of the arts simpler; have pointed out the best directions for lines of investigation and for the application of various agents; and have simplified theories so that our conceptions of the universe, or part of it, is clearer and our philosophy more useful; but the abstract truths of reality must be experienced by ourselves, when possible, in order to have the best conceptions of that which is the work of Nature or the artifice of Man.

We will frankly state it as our opinion that those authors or writers who can furnish no other kind of evidence but that of authority have, in the majority of instances, very little practical knowledge of or experience with the phenomena of which their writings treat. Judging from their writings, it is fair to assume that they are not as familiar in a practical way with the phenomena which they describe, as many of them pretend to be; that they are merely parroting the nebulous notions current in their humble intellectual environment; and that they are echoing or re-echoing the notions of a previous age, with its numerous speculations, errors and meager knowledge of psychical and physical phenomena. Of course the opinions

of true authorities as evidence is often of some value in the investigations of phenomena; but this form of evidence, at its best, is only and can only be corroborative evidence. We say true authorities, because, in the study of sociology, it is seen how humanity, as a result of fashion, officialism, nepotism, favoritism and the like, makes authorities out of many who have nothing in them or in their deeds that justified such distinction. Many persons claiming to be authoritative upon psychical phenomena and healing have not even a passing knowledge of scientific subjects, neither have they skill in psychotherapy. Then there are many persons who are authoritative on some sciences and subjects, who are totally ignorant of the simplest principles of psychotherapy, psychology, physiology and other medical sciences, and yet these false or pseudo-authorities often express themselves upon psychical topics of which they have no actual knowledge, or they have only incomplete, unreliable or obsolete knowledge, which makes their opinions and doctrines valueless or of very little weight. It is the teachings and writings of pseudo-authorities like these, who existed in all countries and in all ages, who still exist, and who will no doubt exist in all times to come, that have caused so much confusion in the comprehension of Suggestion and allied topics, and so much misapplication of Suggestion and agents—similar and cognate—for remedial and educational purposes.

All persons and real authorities who are opposed to the application of Suggestion or to some particular phase of Suggestion—hypnotism, magnetism, faith cure or the like—for various purposes, must not be classed as pseudo-authorities. All investigators of psychical phenomena

have not the same sort of subjects and patients to deal with; therefore results differ somewhat. Remember that authorities are human; and to err is human. "*Humanum est errare.*" Real authorities can be, and history shows that many were mistaken. See the mistakes of authorities recorded in medical history; see how many are still treating metaphysical abstractions—diseases, demons, spirits, humors, evils, and what not, instead of disturbances of psychical and physiological functions; and see how eagerly many doctors are still looking for elixirs of life, specifics, catholicons and panaceas for diseases, instead of remedies for the disturbed mental and bodily functions. Verily! "Medicine" is no science, although scientific subjects are embraced in its study. To believe in the infallibility of any human being who has lived in the past, or who lives in the present, and to disregard the evidence of our aided senses, is unwise and foolish.

We want of authors and writers the reports of their subjective and objective experiences, and those of their subjects or patients, rather than their opinions and beliefs. It is well known that many pseudo-authorities have the faculty so well called by some humorous person, "the art of putting oneself on the stage," which faculty is responsible for much of the credit and position accorded them by a credulous humanity. The term authority is indefinite, for to some persons it means nothing and to others it means a great deal. This distinctive term, and similar ones, being but creations of mankind, their use and meaning are of necessity as variable as the beliefs and convictions of humanity. Authorities have been in the past and are at the present day of value, mostly in the mental sciences; but

in the natural sciences they are at the present day of very little worth, because the phenomena under the domain of these latter sciences can be produced at will by ordinarily skillful persons—authorities being superfluous.

If any of you will take the trouble to investigate the manner in which persons become authoritative it will become plain that any one without real or necessary qualifications can pose as an authority. Combatants in a prize-fight are considered by many persons to be authoritative on physical culture; fishermen or fish dealers on ichthyology; newspaper war experts, on military matters; orators and preachers on politics, or civics, on economics or social science; writers on psychical topics, on psychotherapy, medicine and surgery; and so on through a long list. Nothing is more absurd. Deeds and actual knowledge or experience, not words, make true authorities. If you will take, for example, the title "Professor" (one who makes a profession), which is ordinarily assumed to mean an authoritative person, and investigate how persons receive this title, you will understand why the statement, "so-called authorities are not necessarily authoritative," is true. Thus almost any one, qualified or unqualified, can receive the title "Professor," if he has audacity, energy, system and perseverance as part of his make-up and a good knowledge of human nature.

Some persons, who are freaks of nature, or who have developed in themselves some physical or psychical faculty beyond the ordinary, pose as "Professors" in circuses and museums. Others have the audacity to style themselves "Professors" because they teach or pretend to teach ancient arts and mysteries; others so style themselves because they, through some influence, com-

monly called "pull," fill a position of which teaching is a part; others acquire this title because they have married a daughter of a professor, of a member of the board of trustees of some school, academy, college or similar institution, or of a donator, patron or benefactor of such an institution; others, again, buy their professorship; and still others acquire this title through fair, honest and hard work. This will suffice for the present to show how some persons may be real authorities and acquire their titles justly, and how others may acquire various titles and be authorities in name only—not in reality. In our efforts to establish the truth of any phenomenon, we have the right to know the reliability of those factors created by social institutions, which determine so largely the results.

In our efforts to acquire knowledge of Suggestion, psychical agents and phenomena, and to acquire skill in Psychurgy or Applied Psychology, let all take "evidence by authority" for what it is worth. Let all avoid accepting indiscriminately the statements made by authorities—true or false, as necessarily correct or infallible; and let all who are authorities be careful about making undemonstrable statements, lest there be produced in a credulous humanity fanatical beliefs with their absurd and unwarranted actions, on the one hand, or abuse of authority because of egotism or arrogance on the other. We cannot express more briefly our sentiments on and conceptions of the abuse of authority in better words than those of Shakespeare, whose mind must have included all that was and is powerful in hundreds of millions of human brains.

"O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is
tyrannous

To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself, Jove would ne'er be
quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphur-
ous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud
man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our
spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal."

—*Measure for Measure.*

(To be continued.)

Do it Yourself.

You can and must do your own work. It makes no difference how convincing the argument nor how fascinating the offer of assistance. There is no power outside of yourself on the earth or in the sky that can infuse into you lasting health or success. You must evolve your own health and prosperity from the depths of your own consciousness, or you will never know the meaning of happiness. You may find occasional aids along the road. A friend or a stranger may temporarily inspire or relieve you, but unless you take hold of this power and make it an individual working principle, it is of small benefit.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

Courage consists in equality to the
problem before us.—*Emerson.*

SERIES OF IMPERSONATIONS.

BY E. H. PRATT, M. D., 100 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPERSONATION No. 8—THE CEREBRO-SPINAL MAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

My connective tissue brother has announced me for your entertainment to-day, and here I am. But I feel my position to be delicate, difficult and embarrassing. You see, I do not feel quite at ease, for to give you a fair conception of myself I should have to give myself away in a good many respects, and confession, especially to brother mortals, is rather foreign to my nature. I do not mean that I am not willing to be known as I am, but I question the fairness of mortal judgment. In the sight of God I am trying to keep my conscience clear, but before men my reasons for doing as I do at all times and in all places must frequently be so obscure as to leave them guessing. Nevertheless, perhaps I can while away a little time with you pleasantly with a brief account of who I am, what I am, and why I am, furnishing you perhaps enough to think about to give you a pleasant memory of the occasion. My remarks must be condensed, for they are expected to be brief. Unessential details will therefore be omitted and your attention invited simply to a few general conceptions of my characteristics and make-up, conforming to the example set by those of my brother shapes who have already appeared before you.

I see, I hear, I taste, I smell, I set in motion, I feel, I think, I am, and I am conscious that I am. I am the only member of the family that these statements can be predicated of. The bony eye, the

muscular eye, the vascular eye, the lymphatic eye, the areolar eye, in short, all the eyes furnished by the other members of our brotherhood, without me are totally blind. I grant that the composite eye resulting from the various eyes furnished by the several members of our family serve me as a convenient glass through which to gaze upon surrounding material shapes; but I alone have the power to see. I must confess that I am not that power, and that my claim to see is a little overdrawn, for I must own that it is the life in me that sees and not myself; nevertheless, being the direct medium through which sight is accomplished, it is quite natural for me to lay claim to the power of seeing. The same is true of all the senses as just enumerated. I am in reality the direct means by which all bodily consciousness and knowledge and experience are accomplished, and I am capable by means of my senses not only of adjusting our common form to outer circumstances, but also making one part of our body conscious of another part. I hold, indeed, these various human shapes of ours in their proper relationships to each other, and can summon any or all of them to my aid if I will, and in this way accomplish the purposes of life. They all look up to me for guidance, and not a step is taken, no work is planned or executed, no earthly experience is had, that does not issue directly or indirectly through me.

As a tree plants its roots in the earth

and reaches up into the air with its trunk and branches, so do I seem to extend myself in opposing directions. On the one hand I am projected into physical existence, upon whose form you now gaze. It is this projection which constitutes me a physical entity and entitles me to be registered as one of the brotherhood of human shapes. On the other hand I reach out into the invisible, the unseen, the ideal, in which realm my impressions are all registered, my purposes all lie, and my calculations are made. It is in this hidden realm that my impressions of the outer world are every one of them registered, and it is from these that my resolutions, which guide my every act, all take their issue.

But I must not confuse your minds by confounding my physical form with its indwelling vitality. When I say that I see, I hear, or sense in any way, or act, of course I predicate this of the conscious man that operates through me, for my material self, the parts that can be exposed with the dissecting knife, or even the finer ones that can be observed only by the aid of the microscope, the entire nervous form that appears before you, are just as inert, inactive and helpless and dead as are any and all of our common brotherhood of physical shapes, some of whom you have already listened to and the rest of whom you will hear in the order arranged for their appearance.

The conscious man which animates my every part will tell you his story toward the close of this series of impersonations, and it behooves me to confine what I have to say to you at the present time purely to my physical make-up. I must therefore eschew fancies and philosophies and treat you to merely an enumeration of physical facts. And now to my task.

I am aware that I am a go-between connecting the outer or material projection of our family with the invisible part of us. By the aid of my various senses impressions of the outer world are received and orders for the conduct and disposition of the body are carried out. I am a hard worker, and consequently require rest for recuperation. I really need to spend fully one-third of every twenty-four hours in unconsciousness, folding all my senses like the petals of a flower at sunset, in order to be at my best in my earth work.

The position which I occupy in my family is a commanding one, as you see, and would cause me to be its spoiled member if I did not live in perpetual recognition of the fact that only by means of my association with my brother forms has my physical manifestation been possible. I know that my arterial brother has brought me the material out of which I have been constructed. I know that the venous man, aided by our lymphatic brother, has removed the debris occasioned by the wear and tear of my daily activity. I know that my muscular comrade has served me as only a brother could, rendering the best obedience to my every command of which he is capable. I know that my bony associate has protected, strengthened and sustained me in all my purposes. I know that my connective tissue brother has contributed generously to my make-up. I know that our skin man especially has afforded me a broad expanse of surface for the accommodation of our common sense of touch. And I know equally well that the other forms of our brotherhood of shapes, whose acquaintance you are yet to make, have likewise in no small degree contributed to my comfort, effectiveness, yes, the very necessities of my material existence. You must remember there is no

soloist in our home orchestra, that every individual of us is absolutely essential to the existence and activity of all the rest. So that while my manner of introduction may strike you as self-assertive, in reality my spirit is bathed in profound humility in the consciousness of my dependence for all that I am, have been, or can be, upon the other human forms with whom I am associated in this timely sojourn.

A full and appreciative consciousness, however, of my personal powers and importance are not only natural, but perfectly proper. One has no more right to underestimate his own God-given position and powers than he has those of another. And let me say in complete refutation of all charges of egotism or self-aggrandizement that I am no greater than my brothers. Among us there is no high or low. We are all equal in importance, only we are different, and my initiative remarks are meant simply to epitomize my chief personal characteristics.

Now, as to my make-up. In construction you might liken me to a telephone system. My central office is what is known as gray matter, and the issuing wires are my nerves. Out of these two things, gray matter and nerves, am I wholly made up. Let me invite your attention to my gray matter, and then we will consider my nerves. You will then know about me all that I feel at liberty to reveal at the present time.

Of course you have heard of my brain and spinal cord, the former being contained in the cranial cavity and the latter dangling down the spinal canal as far as the lower border of the first lumbar vertebra. Perhaps you thought that the spinal column extended the whole length of the spinal canal, but if so let me correct your impression. The spinal cord goes no

farther than what in common language is called the small of the back. The spinal canal below this point is occupied by large bundles of nerves which have been given off from the spinal cord, but which have not yet been able to escape through the intervertebral foramina. As they thus fill the lower part of the spinal canal, the fibers of these nerves lie so straight and spread-out-like that they bear a very close resemblance to a well-formed horse's tail, and hence have been given the name of *cauda equina*.

Now the gray matter that enters into my formation is to be found in connection with the brain and spinal cord. Let me tell you where to look for it. Every human being, you know, is supposed to have brains, although from the way some people act you might think that there were exceptions to the rule. Such instances, however, are merely cases where the brain is probably asleep or defective, and consequently does not do itself justice. Now by my brain you must understand me to mean the entire contents of my cranial cavity. This in itself is a wonderful piece of mechanism that I should like to describe to you in detail if it were not foreign to my present purpose. As it is, however, I will permit myself to give you simply the barest outlines concerning it, just enough in fact to acquaint you with my cerebro-spinal shape, hoping down in my heart that I may succeed in arousing your curiosity sufficiently to entice you to a more profound and detailed study of my structure as you will find it laid down in the standard works on human anatomy, for I am sure a careful study of my organization will amply repay you for all the study you will be able to put upon it.

My brain has three coverings, called membranes; the outer one, or *dura mater*,

adheres closely in every part to the cranial cavity and serves to nourish the inner plate of the skull bones which form it; the inner one, known as the pia mater, is a vascular membrane for the nourishment of the brain substance itself, while the third membrane is simply a shut sac of delicate membranous structure which separates the dura mater from the pia mater, and is called the arachnoid membrane, one surface of the arachnoid being closely adherent to the dura mater, giving it a smooth, shiny appearance, and the other resting loosely upon the outer surface of the pia mater.

Perhaps you did not know that the brain is constantly active and requires this arrangement of the membranes to permit it to move about easily in its bony encasement without friction. The next time you get a chance just watch the fontanelles of a young babe, and you will notice that every time the child inspires the fontanelles sink in as though the brain were going to cave in and draw the skin after it, while during expiration the fontanelles bulge instead. In this way is the brain constantly churned up and down by the motion of the lungs, so that the frequency of respirations affects profoundly the amount of blood contained in the brain, and hence also its size and condition. Besides this the pulsations of the large arteries which enter the brain by way of the holes at the base of the skull, make the brain substance to its very outer surface quiver with every pulsation. This trip-hammer action of the blood stream on the brain substance is unremitting throughout life, so that you can readily see that between the influence of the lungs and the heart's action, supplemented by the peristaltic movements of the arteries, the brain is never really at rest. That it may not be

bruised by the forces of respiration and circulation which swell its proportions and crowd it against its bony encasement, or as these two varying pendulums of activity tend to draw away its contents, you will find that the center of the brain is hollow, presenting a wonderfully constructed cavity known as the ventricular space. As this space is more or less filled with serum, which also separates the brain from the base of the skull, you can see that the brain rests upon a water bed, which keeps it from being injured as the respiration and the varying blood stream alternately expands and contracts it.

The brain is usually described as having four grand divisions, known as cerebrum, cerebellum, medulla oblongata and pons varolii. It is most all cerebrum, however, as this larger part of the brain fills the vault of the cranial cavity above the eyes and ears and extends from the forehead to the occiput. As far back as the ears this cerebrum rests also upon the bony surfaces which form the floor of the cranial cavity. This leaves but a small compartment at the back and lower part of the head to be occupied by the other three divisions of the brain. This little compartment is separated from the rest of the cranial cavity by a projection inward of the dura mater from the sides and back of the skull, roofing over the small part of the cranial cavity occupied by the cerebrum, cerebellum, medulla oblongata and pons varolii. It serves as a tent for these parts and prevents the posterior lobes of the cerebrum from resting down upon them. Of course it is named, as there is no integral part of anatomical structure which escapes a name. It is known as the tentorium cerebelli. The cerebellum, or smaller brain, occupies the back part of the base of the brain and is the second part

in size. The medulla oblongata is in reality the upper end of the spinal cord expanded into a club shape and projected into the cranial cavity, resting to the extent of an inch and a quarter along the very base of the skull. The pons varolii surmounts the medulla and connects this with both the cerebrum and cerebellum. Thus is the pons varolii the veritable cross-roads of the entire brain. It is the connecting link which unites the four greatest parts with each other and with themselves. It rests on the base of the skull immediately in front of the medulla oblongata. The brain substance itself consists in part of gray matter and in part of white, the white matter forming bundles of fibers connecting different parts of the gray matter, or connecting the gray matter with the other parts of the body. There is gray and white matter in every division of the brain. In the cerebrum the whole surface of it, in front, behind, on the sides, above and below, is thickly covered with a layer of it. The gray matter is about the color of ashes, and hence is otherwise known as cineritious substance. In the cerebrum this gray matter or cineritious substance not only covers its entire surface, over its convolutions down into its sulci, wrapping its lobes and padding its fissures in layers of comparatively uniform thickness, but is also found in the center of the brain, the floor of what we have spoken of as the ventricular cavity. In this situation it takes the form sometimes of large knots or well-rounded accumulations of gray matter called ganglia, and sometimes it is spread out into flat layers variously known as valves, commissures, etc. The names are of little consequence, the chief point being that gray matter makes a bark or covering for the cerebrum, for which reason it is sometimes called the

cortex, and is found in nuggets, ganglia, or other forms, situated along the floor of the general ventricular cavity. In the cerebellum a similar arrangement prevails; that is, the gray matter covers the surface of the cerebellum, and some of it is found in its interior, having tooth-like processes known as the dentate body. The cerebellum, however, has no ventricular cavity. The upper part of the medulla oblongata forms the floor of the ventricular cavity, and is gray with the ashes of the cineritious substance, there being a thin layer of it covering its upper surface, and several small ganglia, where the gray matter is found accumulated into special ganglia.

The pons varolii, too, although mostly constituting nervous cords, which serve as connecting links between the different parts of the brain and between the brain and the rest of the body, nevertheless is not entirely devoid of gray matter, if it has a few ganglia in its interior. It is continuous with the upper surface of the medulla oblongata, and together with that compartment of the brain completes the lowest part of the floor of the ventricular cavity. Two parts of the brain, therefore, the cerebrum and the cerebellum, are covered with the gray matter and contain ganglia. The other two parts, the medulla oblongata and the pons varolii, have no cortex of gray matter, but ganglia of it in their anterior and upper surfaces. The gray matter of the spinal cord is all of it in the anterior of the cord, and if a cross-section is made of the cord, its shape is that of a bandy-legged capital letter H, the legs and the cross-bar being entirely of gray matter, while it is completely surrounded by white nervous cords proceeding longitudinally from the brain and from the gray matter of the cord itself to

their distal destination in the tissues. The gray matter in all parts of the brain and spinal cord consists of variously shaped cells, microscopical in their appearance,

but massed together in countless numbers, of a grayish appearance which has won for them their name, the gray substance of the brain and spinal cord.

(To be continu-d.)

SECRETS OF THE SEANCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EXPERT.

The scientific study of ghosts has been the lifelong hobby of Henry Ridgely Evans, of Washington, who has touched elbows and hobnobbed with spooks almost from infancy. Not only a psychic researcher is he, but also a prestidigitator, ex-journalist and author. The public is familiar with his work through his book, "Hours with the Ghosts," and his other contributions to occult literature. He has just completed the manuscript of a new work, "Occultism and Magic."

"Now, let us suppose," a reporter for *The Sunday Tribune* said to him, "that I want to become a bogus spirit medium. I have come to you for instruction. Proceed to lay the foundation for the enterprise."

"First of all," answered the specter trapper, "study sleight-of-hand, necromancy, legerdemain, conjuring, magic, or whatever you may term the wizardry of deceiving the public by so-called tricks. I began to master these black arts when I was a mere boy. I took lessons from a professional. Later I applied the knowledge in exposing fraudulent spirit mediums. Without such knowledge it is as impossible to expose as to produce 'materializations.' I have seen eminent scientists, dabbling in psychic research, completely baffled and nonplused at things

which a prestidigitator would laugh at. Quite a number of psychic researchers are now studying sleight-of-hand from professionals. No one not an expert conjurer can correctly report what he sees in a spiritualistic seance. It is not so much the swiftness of the medium's hand which counts as his ability to force attention from the crucial point of the tricks.

"Then, as to the paraphernalia. The successful medium is careful in his selection of theatrical wigs, beards, muslin and gossamer robes, grease-paint, and powder. He must have a generous assortment of specter-producing apparatus. Table rappings are always effective. They are now easily produced by hidden electric mechanisms. I have seen several tables fitted with such apparatus, compact and cleverly conceived. Then there are 'spirit hands.' Wear slippers and cut the fronts of the feet of your stockings out. Take a little grease-paint and finish the lines of the toes until the exposed half of either foot looks like a hand. Train your big toes until they can pluck at the garments of others sitting around a table with you. Employ a table of such diameter as will allow you to produce these 'spirit hands' above the edges at various unexpected places. If you have long legs you enjoy a special advantage. Give these pedal

extremities a generous dose of phosphorus and turn down the gas. Have your slippers ever ready, that you may thrust your superhuman 'hands' into them.

"Now we are dealing with table seances. First of all you must learn how to form a 'battery.' To do this let each sitter grasp with his left hand the right wrist of his left-hand neighbor—understand? You thus form a circle around the table before turning down the light. Now is your chance to make use of your knowledge of sleight-of-hand. Make an excuse to use your handkerchief and thus free your right hand just for a second. Then cross your knees and request your right-hand neighbor to resume his hold on your right wrist 'exactly as before.' But instead of giving him your right wrist, give him your left, which now rests upon the one knee in evidence. Meanwhile, you have gradually moved your left hand until you have grasped the sitter on your left by his fingers instead of by his wrist. Thus is he prevented from moving his fingers to discover that your left hand not only grasps his right hand, but is also grasped by the hand of your neighbor to the right. Do you follow? Well, the sitter on each side of you still feels his hand resting on your knee without reaching over another knee. Thus you have gained the freedom of your right hand.

"Secrete under your coat a pair of crazy tongs or a telescopic rod. In the darkness it is an easy matter to clamp either of these to a guitar conveniently at hand. Inside the guitar is a minute music box. Attached to the vibrating tongues of the latter is a strip of paper. When the box is electrically started it imitates a guitar as skillfully as a piano with paper placed over its wires imitates a banjo. The guitar is bathed in phosphorus. While

you juggle it on your crazy tongs or rod above the heads of your subjects it traces luminous curves in space. Meanwhile your foot has escaped from its slipper and is causing consternation by appearing here and there between your subjects, plucking at their coat tails, dress skirts, and elbows.

"Another such battery is formed by a chain of hands kept on top of the table. Each sitter, including the 'medium,' has his two thumbs crossed and his little finger crossing those of his neighbors. The lights are put out. The doors are locked. The sitters sing hymns. Spirit rappings and a music box distract attention from the medium, who suffers convulsive twitchings in his arms and legs. During these spasms he frees his right hand, but immediately extends the index finger of his left, crossing it over the little finger of his right-hand neighbor. The latter does not suspect the change. Then with his free right hand and with the aid of the rods and tongs, strings, wires, or what-not, he can juggle phosphorescent balls, masks, trumpets, musical instruments and such devices above the table.

"Cabinet tricks are quite as easily reproduced. Make a cabinet by curtaining off a corner of your room where there are no doors or windows. In the corner place a table containing a tambourine, bells, pad of paper, and pencils. The curtains screening these must be especially made with flaps, apparently for adornment, hanging from the top edge. The suspending cord should be a trifle above the shoulders of three persons sitting in chairs directly in front. These three chairs contain the 'battery,' including the 'medium'—yourself—to the left of the other two, who are uninitiated. The flaps of the curtains fall over the shoulders of

each of you.' With one hand you grasp the subject to your right—a woman, let us suppose—by her left wrist; with your other hand you clutch her tightly by her left forearm, bared. The sitter to the right grasps your neighbor's right wrist and forearm, similarly. Thus are all hands in front of the curtain accounted for.

"You explain that as soon as a single hand is felt to release its hold a complaint to the spectators can be made. Your tight grasp upon the forearm of your neighbor so benumbs that member that she cannot discern your action if you gradually release your right hand from her wrist. Meanwhile an outer curtain has covered the 'battery' up to their chins. It hides the inner curtain as you reach your right hand under it to ring the bells, shake the tambourine, and write spirit messages, which you throw out over the curtain. You extend your right hand over the curtain, holding a pencil between its fingers, and ask several of your spectators to come forward and hold a pad for the receipt of 'spirit messages.' All the while your right hand neighbor, when questioned, continues to declare that you still have hold of her with both your hands. This deception you maintain by a clever device.

"Beneath your waistcoat you conceal a spring clasp like those worn on the ankles of cyclers. One end terminates in a false thumb of chamois or soft rubber; the other in four false finger ends, similar in construction. A ring soldered on either side of the spring fits your thumb and middle finger, while you conceal the device in your palm. While fitting this to your subjects arm you can separate the fingers of your left hand until their pressure feels to her like that of two hands.

When the false hand is in place she is sure that your grasp is as before. Slide the apparatus up and down her arm to convince her that there is no trickery.

"With this false hand above described you can also produce awe-inspiring 'spirit' effects with a single sitter. Stand behind him and grasp his arms firmly near his shoulders. Place him under the chandelier. Ask him to lower the light. Produce your trick hands as he seats himself again. Substitute them for your hands and remove the latter from the rings. Then you may perform numerous mediumistic evolutions, write spirit messages, strike him gently on his cheek with a damp glove. When the seance is over insert your fingers and thumbs in the rings as before, remove the clasps, and conceal them quickly.

"The shrewd medium, pressed to a last resort for information concerning his sitter's personality, makes an excuse to leave the room, while he or his confederate ransacks the visitor's overcoat or valise, seeks initials in his hat or on his umbrella or cane. Letters found in pockets are frequently steamed, read, and resealed with wax. The envelopes are sometimes bathed with alcohol, which makes paper transparent, but which evaporates and leaves no suspicion of the tampering.

"The best apparatus for producing spec- ters in visible form is the invention of the late Professor John Henry Pepper, of the London Polytechnic Institute. The person representing the ghost is secreted in a side room or screened corner and has a strong light thrown upon him. The audience faces a large plate of glass turned at an angle and perfectly invisible. When the room is darkened this glass projects the ghost's image behind it. The medium, standing behind the glass, can pass a

wand through the image, can appear to receive written messages from it, and can perform various feats proving its etherial substance. There is other ghost-producing apparatus, but not so elaborate or effective.

"I regard as worthy of serious study, telepathy, clairvoyance, trance writing or speaking, and all phenomena resulting from double personality and unconscious muscular action. Of course, there are many imitations of hypnotic and clairvoyant phenomena which can be easily detected as a mixture of sleight-of-hand and acting. Mingled with the mass of transparent fraud and deception employed at seances, I have often been puzzled by wonderful results due either to coincidence or telepathy. Such results cropping out now and then have kept the medium's business alive. A medium in the hypnotic state frequently gives information beyond his conscious knowledge. Such intelligence must be either the effect of 'spirit control' or exercise of some psychic powers, conscious or unconscious. Hypnotized persons exhibit remarkable intelligence, although their ordinary intelligence is absent. The trance medium is usually honest in his belief in spirit control, but is ignorant of the true psychology of thought transference. I do not believe in 'spirit control.' But if there be truth in spirit communication, then the messages from the dead may possibly be conveyed telepathically to the mind of the medium, just as we have telepathic phenomena between living minds.

"There is a strong probability of ghostly appearances, but not by ghosts of the romantic school. Ghosts are hallucinations superinduced by telepathic messages from those about to die, dying, or already dead. If I am about to die and communicate tele-

pathically to you your brain will see a phantom, perhaps representing just what I am doing at the time. My ghost might remain latent in your mind years after my death. Some 'materializations' at seances may be hallucinations induced by telepathy from the mind of the medium to those of the sitters, but the majority are the result of trickery, pure and simple.

"I have had experiences which convince me of the truth of telepathy. For instance, when I was traveling some years ago from Washington to Baltimore I was startled by the sudden stopping of the train and the sight of the head of an old white-haired and white bearded man standing upright in a pool of blood upon the platform of a small station en route. A deaf farmer had been decapitated by the railing of the locomotive just as he had stepped off the track. His body was found near by. Reaching Baltimore that night, I remained late in one of the newspaper offices writing an account of the accident. Returning home at 1 a. m., I found all within sleeping. The next morning at breakfast my brother almost dumfounded me by stating: 'I had a dreadful dream last night. I was on a train which cut a man's head off. I saw the head. It had white hair and a white beard.' I then showed those present the morning paper with the account of the tragedy I had actually witnessed. I had no doubt communicated the vision of the bloody head to my brother while he was asleep. I have had a number of such experiences. I have also had trance mediums, utter strangers to me, communicate messages from the dead, recounting facts which even I did not know, but which had to be, and were, verified by documents which I am positive were never in the medium's possession or that of any one known to him.

"Telepathy doubtless accounts for some strange intelligence possessed by slate writers, but the actual writing upon the slate is always the work of the medium. The tricks of the slate writers' trade are too numerous to recount. The messages on slates wrapped in paper and sealed with wax are usually written in reverse upon the wrapping paper with a camel's hair brush dipped in a sticky solution. Powdered slate pencils are then sifted over the writing, sticking to no other part of the paper. Rubbing the paper against the slate, the medium transfers the characters. Then there is great skill of jugglery employed to make the slate appear as though the writings were upon the side next to the other slate wrapped with it.

"Slate writers also employ thimbles holding slate pencils, and with these write messages, in reverse, upon slates while they are being held against the under side of a table board. There also are compact mechanisms worked under the table by the medium's knee to imitate the sound of slate pencils scratching upon slates with messages already written upon them. Some slate writers sit upon fur rugs, through which are openings whereby slates can be handed to confederates secreted in a cellar well stocked with slates of every description, sealing wax, cord, and tools for opening and resealing slates carefully clamped together.

"I have pursued my studies in London and Paris as well as in America. During all this time I never saw 'materialization' which I regarded as genuine. I have been thrown with mediums of all sorts. I have observed a number who were alcoholics; many who were abnormal or degenerate. Especially among the men I have found a conspicuous nervousness. A considerable number of mediums in gen-

eral I regard as sincere, but self-deceived—ignorant of the psychology of their own actions and of the fact that they accept suggestions from their own subconscious minds. Many actually believe themselves controlled by spirits of great personages of history. Their morality? It is, of course, a low order of morality which would fleece the widows and the bereaved from sheer gain. Some, however, actually believe themselves high priests of religious sects. But as a whole they present an admixture of fraud and self-deception, to which is applied a tremendous amount of unscientific investigation on the part of psychic researchers."—*Chicago Sunday Tribune.*

Auto-Suggestion.

I have had several marked instances recently that forcibly illustrate the fact that many a so-called invalid is kept so, if not made so, largely by autosuggestion, while he who suggests to himself courage and encouragement instead of physical cowardice and discouragement, is just the reverse. We wonder how so-and-so endures what she does. This is largely the reason. While our "suggestion friends" go altogether too far, yet there is a great deal underlying all this hue and cry that is of real scientific importance. We are all largely what we suggest to ourselves that we are. The very suggestion puts us in a mental attitude toward ourselves that denies us the benefit of effort. While medicine is of exceeding value in many instances, when properly applied, it is the means of holding the mind of the patient in a state of proper suggestion until nature under the new stimulus reestablishes a healthy equilibrium.—*W. C. Abbott, M. D., in Alkaloidal Clinic.*

HYPNOTIC SOMNAMBULISM.

AN ANALYSIS.

BY HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D., 4020 DREXEL BOUL., CHICAGO, ILL.

In my practice of Suggestive Therapeutics, both in private and clinic, I am confronted, almost daily, with patients who say to me:

"Doctor! I have come to you to be hypnotized, so that I may be relieved of a number of chronic troubles which have made my life miserable for years. I have tried many different treatments and swallowed gallons of medicines, but am no better. I have looked into hypnotism and believe in it. Several doctors, and others who are not doctors, have tried to hypnotize me, but so far all have failed. I am certain that if I could be hypnotized but once I could be completely cured."

I am certain that nearly everyone who practices Suggestive Therapeutics has had many similar experiences, and it is not always an easy matter to handle a patient who approaches you in this way, so that his case may be managed successfully.

The average patient's conception of the hypnotic state is that it is a condition in which the subject is profoundly asleep; that when this condition of sleep has been induced every organ in the body can be made to do proper work at the suggestion of the operator, and "presto change," he will awaken to find himself a well man. His conception of the condition may differ entirely from yours. But has he not read all the authorities (?) on the subject (probably some works five to fifteen years old), or has he not taken one or more mail courses issued by some of the "institutes" run by ex-stage hypnot-

ists? Do not these courses talk about the wonders of the deep sleep of hypnosis and teach that to get proper results the patient must first be put into a sound sleep? Are not these courses advertised by sensational literature which offers to teach how to "hypnotize" nearly everyone? Is not this literature filled with the pictures of "pretty" men and women who tell in their testimonials how many subjects they have "put to sleep" since receiving the course? Yes. This infernal literature, with the still worse courses which follow it, is abroad in the land, and the error which it is spreading and the injury it is doing to the true science of Suggestive Therapeutics are issues which must be met by every honest and conscientious Suggestionist; and I shall endeavor in this article to show how some of these absurd notions about treatment by Suggestive Therapeutics must be met.

Of course I realize that many of the statements I shall make may seem dogmatic, and are likely to be questioned even by some honest investigators; while to others it may come as a revelation. All I ask is a clear field and a fair hearing, and I hope that honest seekers after truth may investigate the subject carefully from the point of view I shall take, before criticising it too much. I feel certain that those who do will find their work and their usefulness to humanity broadening, and I should like to hear from those who investigate, anew, after reading these articles.

The practice of surgery has made vast strides during the last few years. So have many of the sciences, and it is not to be wondered at that in the practice of Suggestive Therapeutics, also, in which so many honest men are engaged, vast strides have been made within the past few years. Speaking personally, I know my own work is continually broadening, and the results obtained in all classes of diseases and individuals are much more successful today than they were even two or three years ago. Constant investigation along one line of work is bound to bear fruit, and, in defense of the statements I shall make, I can merely state that for the past eleven years I have given constant attention to the teaching and practice of Suggestive Therapeutics; and during the past six years have conducted a clinic devoted solely to Suggestive Therapeutic treatment and the study of hypnotic phenomena at the Chicago School of Psychology. This clinic is undoubtedly the largest of its kind in the world, averaging over twenty patients a day. The ideas I shall present have been gleaned from constant study of the patients presenting themselves at this clinic, and every statement I shall make can be verified by clinical experiment by anyone who will take the trouble to make an unprejudiced investigation for himself.

We have but one conception of sleep, i. e., a state in which we are not conscious of our environment nor of the reception of any impressions through any of the sense avenues. The moment an individual is conscious of the reception of an impression through any of the sense avenues, and is able to interpret that impression correctly, he is awake. This being the case, it is evident to anyone who understands the truth about the so-called

hypnotic sleep that a patient who is accepted for treatment with the belief that he is to be put to sleep is doomed to disappointment, no matter who the operator may be or how many operators he may consult.

The term hypnosis implies sleep, and was first used about the middle of the last century by Braid when he discovered that it was possible to induce an apparent trance condition in some of his patients. Not understanding the significance of this "trance" state, nor the personality of the persons in whom this condition could be induced, he believed it to be identical with sleep. Hence his use of the terms hypnosis, hypnotism and hypnotist.

To our old investigators and to the novice of today this trance state does resemble sleep, but a careful investigation will reveal the fact that there is not the slightest resemblance between natural sleep, in which the patient is oblivious to his surroundings, and the so-called hypnotic sleep, in which the patient will act upon suggestions which may be made to him.

Followers of the Nancy School use the term hypnosis as a "blanket" term; applying it to any state in which the subject gives evidence of suggestibility. Thus, though a patient gives but ever so little evidence of becoming drowsy (somnolence), he is said to be hypnotized; in fact, it is employed to cover the nine stages described by the Nancy School, although only in one or two of these stages will the patient say he has been asleep.

Bernheim says "hypnosis is a condition in which a suggestion has an exaggerated effect." It will be noticed that sleep is not mentioned in the definition. Followers of the Nancy School have discovered that many of their most brilliant results are obtained in states in which the pa-

tient will not say that he has been asleep; and it has been my experience that when a genuine trouble exists, it is most difficult to relieve in the patients who readily enter the hypnotic sleep. The amount of benefit derived by a patient is in inverse proportion to the degree of suggestibility found in him. This may seem paradoxical at first glance, but I shall make this point clear before I finish this series of articles.

The confusion has arisen from the use of the misnomer "hypnosis" in describing what is now known as "suggestive somnambulism"—a condition which can be developed in but few patients, but a condition which every patient seeking hypnotic treatment believes must be induced in him before he can be benefitted. The absurdity of this belief becomes apparent when we realize that the sleep of the suggestive somnambule is not sleep at all and that it does not resemble sleep in the slightest particular. It is in the suggestive somnambule that the instantaneous and miraculous cures are made, but a study of the personality of these individuals will reveal the fact that they belong to the class of patients in whom, from their individuality, the conditions are present which permit the existence of a trouble which is susceptible to instant relief. Given a genuine, chronic trouble, and we obtain much better results in patients not so suggestible as the suggestive somnambule. A suggestive somnambule can be made to say he is cured of a genuine trouble even though his trouble may be becoming more aggravated at the time.

(To be continued.)

We are as much gainers by finding a new property in the old earth as by acquiring a new planet.—*Emerson.*

Thoughts are Things.

I hold it true that thoughts are things,
Endowed with beings, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings, or its woes,
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have
known,

And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will
fly

And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze whose poisoned
breath

Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot,
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home—
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds, and moulding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Circumstances. I make circumstances.
—*Napoleon.*

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THE NIGHTMARE--TOMORROW.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

The work of each day would be a pleasure if we would refrain from attempting to perform, at the same time, the work of tomorrow. The cares of today would cease to disturb us if we would refuse to consider the cares of tomorrow. The work of today is easily performed notwithstanding the fact that we spoiled the pleasure of yesterday's task by fretting about and mentally anticipating the burdens of the coming day. The cares of today do not seem half so terrible as they appeared viewed from the distance of yesterday, and we do suffer nearly as much in bearing today's burdens as we did yesterday in bearing these burdens in anticipation.

Today is comparatively easy for us, but Oh! tomorrow. Aye, there's the trouble—*tomorrow*. The past is gone, and its sorrows, cares, troubles, misfortunes and work do not seem so terrible viewed from this distance—the misfortunes of the past are now often known as blessings in disguise. Today is here, and we seem to be getting along fairly well—excepting fearing the dawn of tomorrow. But the future—Oh! that mysterious future—that delight of the child—that bugaboo of the "grown up"—what shall we say of the future? Who knows what terrible monsters are lurking in its gloomy recesses—what frightful cares are slumbering there—what dreadful shapes are there crouching, with glowering eyes, awaiting our coming? No frightful tale of childhood begins to compare in horror with this fantasy of maturity—*tomorrow*.

Yesterday, with all its troubles—today, with its pressing tasks—affright us not, but tomorrow, ah! tomorrow. Tell us of the morrow! Who knows what a day may bring forth? Tell us how to meet the terrors of tomorrow! Forsooth, an easy task, good friends. The way to meet the terrors of tomorrow is—*wait until tomorrow*.

Don't you see that your tomorrow is but a nightmare—a monstrous creature of your fancy? Wake! man, wake! Cease your labored breathing, your groans, your cries, your struggles! Open wide your eyes; take a long, deep draught of God's blessed air; "find yourself," and realize that it was but a frightful dream.

The cares of tomorrow, indeed! 'Twould be laughable if it were not so pitiful. Tomorrow's cares may come, will come, must come, but what of tomorrow's opportunities, tomorrow's strength, tomorrow's chances, circumstances, helpers? Don't you know that the supply of good things does not cease with the close of today? Don't you know that in the womb of the future sleep opportunities intended for your use when the time comes? Don't you know that an earnest, confident expectation of the good things to come will cause these good things to grow for your use in the future? Well, it's so; they'll grow and grow and grow, and then when you need them you will find them ripe and ready to pick. Water them with Faith; surround them with the rich soil of Hope; let them receive the full rays

of the sun of Love, and the nourishing fruit of Opportunity will be your reward—tomorrow.

Did you ever shiver with dread at the thought of what would happen if the sun should not rise tomorrow? Did you ever doubt that the grass would grow and the trees take on leaves next Spring? Did you ever fear that perhaps the Summer would not come this year? Oh, no, of course not! These things have always happened and you have sufficient faith to know that they will occur again. Yes, but you have been fearing that opportunities, chances, circumstances, may not be present tomorrow. Oh, ye of little faith, do you not know that this is no world of chance? Do you not know that you are working under the operations of a great Law, and that these things are as much amenable to that Law as are the seasons, the crops, the motion of the earth, the planets, this and countless other solar systems, the UNIVERSE?

The Law which regulates the motions of the millions of worlds, and whose jurisdiction extends over Space—that Space the abstract idea of which cannot be grasped by the puny intellect of man of today—also takes cognizance of the tiny living organism too small to be seen through our strongest microscope. The sparrow's fall comes under the Law as well as the building of a magnificent series of solar systems. And yet, man fears tomorrow.

Of all living beings, man alone fears tomorrow. Children, lovers and philosophers escape the curse. The first two look forward to it with joy and confidence, having the love that casteth out fear; the philosopher's reason teaches him that which the intuition of the other two has grasped. The child intuitively recognizes

that the infinite supply is inexhaustible and naturally expects tomorrow's supply as he does tomorrow's sun. He has faith in the Law, until Fear is suggested into his receptive mind by those who have grown old enough to fear. The child knows that "there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," but the "grown-up" fears that today's fish is the last in the sea, and fails to appreciate today's haul by reason of his worry about the possible future failure of the fish supply.

Some people, when they occasionally indulge in a little happiness, spoil their joy by the fear that "something dreadful is going to happen because I feel so happy today." They remind one of the little girl who was found crying, and, when questioned, said that she was crying because she had been thinking that some day she might grow up and get married and have a dear little baby boy, and when the boy grew up he might go out hunting and shoot himself and die, boo-hoo.

Now don't remind me of the tale of the Ant and the Grasshopper, and of the moral attached thereto. I know all about that yarn, and I feel no hesitancy in saying that the Ant did not worry about the winter while he was working and storing up grain—he just did an honest day's work, each day, without worrying and "feezing" about the winter. He was true to his nature and felt a perfect confidence that if he did his duty *now*, his future would be provided for. If he had stopped to worry and fret about the winter, or had burdened his mind with the fear that perhaps Spring would never come again, he would not have accomplished his allotted task. He probably would have been paralyzed with fear and have given up the fight, saying: "I fear the future." He

concentrated on the Now, and consequently did the best work on the task before him. Go to the ant, thou victim of the Fear habit.

As to the Grasshopper of the fable, he, likewise, was true to the dictates of his nature. He recognized that his time limit was up at the close of the Summer and that the cold weather would see his finish. He knew that, no matter how much grain he might store away, it would avail him naught when the winter came. Remember, it was the running down of his machinery, not the absence of food, that killed the Grasshopper. He had fulfilled his work in the world, made arrangements for the next generation of his kind, and when his work was ended he folded his little legs and the life left him. He lived and died under the Law. And mark ye, I do not believe he was compelled, in his old age, to beg food of the Ant. The Law does not operate in that way. Neither do I believe that the Ant would have refused him food and gloated over him, saying, "I told you so," even if he *had* begged. That is reserved for beings higher in the scale of life than the lowly Ant—the latter is too near to Nature for that proud privilege.

No, the Grasshopper and the Ant both did their work well under the Law, and deserve equal credit. The Ant would have been a fool if he had refused to work, or worried when he did work. And the Grasshopper would have been a fool if he had worried about the Winter, or had worked like the Ant and stored up food for that time, for he would not have lived to enjoy it. Aye, he would have been as great a fool as some men who devote every thought and minute to piling up millions and then—*die* when the Winter comes, leaving their store to be devoured by parasites.

Oh, yes! I believe in work, good work, honest work, cheerful work, hopeful work, confident work. I believe in the joy of work—the pleasure of creating. And I believe that he who does his best work, one day at a time, working with faith, hope and confidence in the morrow, with Fear eliminated from his mind and replaced with Courage—I believe, I say, that such a man will never find his larder empty, nor will his children want for bread.

And, furthermore, I believe that tomorrow is what we make it by our thoughts today. I believe that we are sowing thought-seeds today, which will grow up over night and bear fruit tomorrow. I believe that "Thoughts take form in Action," and that we are, and will be, just what we think ourselves into being. I believe that our minds and bodies are constantly being moulded by our thoughts, and that the measure of man's success is determined by the character of his thoughts. And I believe that when man will throw off the incubus of Fear, the frightful vision of the night will vanish, and, opening his eyes, in the place of the monster, he will see the fair form and smiling face of a radiant creature, who, bending over him, with love-lit eyes, will whisper softly: "I am TOMORROW."

I do not know of any better or more certain way to bring peace on earth than for each to see that we have it in ourselves and then cultivate it in the minds of little children.—*James Mott.*

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HAILED IN THE PASSING.

We had a narrow escape last month. It appears that our old friend, Elizabeth Towne, wrote us regarding an advertisement for her book, "The Constitution of Man," and somehow we neglected to answer her letter. On or about the 23d day of March we received an innocent-looking little note bearing the post-mark of Holyoke, Mass. Imagine our horror, upon opening the envelope, to find the enclosed message from the editor of "Naughty-Lass," whom Bro. Shelton so irreverently terms "Betsy":

Are you trying to snub that sassy editor of *Nautilus*? I wrote you sometime ago for ad. rates, and, so far as I have been able to read your reply, you charge nothing at all for your space! Just reserve me half a dozen pages or so in next issue please! But why no answer on paper? Are my vibrations getting in such fine work that it takes all your time to enjoy the Good Things that are growing? If so, I shall switch 'em off for a time! Or maybe you are afraid if you advertise my books you won't get orders for your own! Or possibly you answered me in the silence!—with a wee small voice that didn't get here.

Accompanying the letter was a copy of April *Nautilus*, containing, among other things, an article entitled "I AM

WHOLE AND SOUL," which was evidently intended to back up her threat of shutting off our vibrations, and which served to further intimidate us. No one could read that article and doubt that he was "up against the real thing." Just listen to this, and you won't wonder that we were scared:

I do these things. I make tracks—I do it all. Why, bless you, I am the only actor and the only action—I AM THE WHOLE THING.

And there isn't one section of me, body, soul or spirit that isn't GOOD. Blessed be All and the glory belongs to God in the Highest—to ME—to 'I Am'—not to hand or body, brain or 'soul' or 'spirit,' but to ME who am all and in all, now and ever. Behold I make all bodies, and remake them, and un-make them and use them as I desire, and I AM ONE.

Be still and know that I AM GOD and there is none else beside ME. Know that I AM you and that you are ME. Know that body "soul" and "God" are ONE and you are that One, that altogether Good One. Know that what the body does is God-done, and what glorifies and beautifies the body glorifies and beautifies God, yourself. The chief end of the body is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

Don't run down your body and your acts,

dearie. Let your God-self *shine* on them. *Love* them. Bless them. Be sweet to them. Hold your body and your acts in high and holy esteem and they will reflect all the high wholeness of your soul, spirit, your I AM GOD.

That settled it. We got a mighty move on us, and hastened to get under cover. We wrote her that we felt assured that she was, indeed, **THE WHOLE THING**—that she was good all the way through—that she was us and we were she and we were us and us was she and she was IT. We freely acknowledged that she was **THE WHOLE BUSINESS**, from cellar to garret. What else could we do? We couldn't help ourself. We wrote her that we would be good after this, and would insert her ad. in the center of our editorial page, if only she would please refrain from taking out our vibration meter during the busy season. It brings the cold storage perspiration to our heated brow to merely recall the incident. Whew! it was dreadful while it lasted, but it is all over now. Her wrath is appeased, oil floats on the troubled waters and the goose hangs high. Elizabeth's ad. appears on another page. When you find it, grasp it gently between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, close your eyes, take three deep, long breaths, and lo! you are in the Silence receiving Elizabeth's best brand of vibration. It is only a sample, however, just to let you know how nice it feels. If you want more you will have to buy Elizabeth's book.

Before we leave Elizabeth we must use the shears on her journal once more. It's hard to get the shears away from that journal—too much magnetism, you know. In this little article Elizabeth takes up the I DO side of things:

Here is a man who says he "seems weighted down by some invisible power." Now, sonny,

the only "invisible powers" that can "weight you down" are those *inside* of you. Sometimes it is stuffing at the table that does it; sometimes it is stuffing the mind; sometimes it is an attempt to stuff the affections. But always this weighted down feeling comes from *taking in* or *trying* to take in, instead of **GIVING OUT**. *Self-expression* unloads body and brain and "feelings." Wake up and get interested in seeing how much "I AM" you can let into what "*you do*" just NOW. Practice; rest; spit on your hands and go at it again, and you will soon get rid of all the weights and actually *enjoy yourself!*

Talking about the I DO side of things, here is what Helen Wilmans says in a recent number of *Freedom*, about "hustling." When you remember that she is said to be fully 75 years of age (we hope she won't see this), and edits a weekly journal; writes big books every once in a while; dictates to several stenographers in answering a large mail; keeps house; alters her own dresses; "bosses 'round" a husband, several children and a number of grandchildren; goes fishing, boating and dancing; entertains visitors; gives "absent treatment," and does other odd jobs in her spare time; you will readily understand what she means by "keeping a going." She claims to have conquered death. No wonder! She will live forever—she simply won't take time to die or to get old. Getting old is a bad habit, anyhow, and we are glad that some one has made the break toward starting the fashion of perpetual youth. But here is Mrs. Wilman's article, before we forget it.

But I am not one of the dying kind. My mind will not even take a rest. It is growing all the time; and it is expressing tremendous activity in this way. I cannot stop in the old tracks where all the generations have stopped before I was born; I must go on; the field before me has never been prospected. I am so vitally constructed and so resolute that I simply do not intend to stop until I have

prospected it. I believe—nay, I know—that it contains an antidote to death, even though that antidote be expressed in the simple words, "keep on going." To follow my attractions—that is, to be led by my desires in investigating ideas and conditions that have never yet been investigated, is to keep on going. When I stop I shall accumulate moss and mould and finally be covered by them out of sight. This is not my wish, but it is the law. I do not want to be covered up out of sight in the darkness of death, but I shall be if I stop going forward.

Speaking of Helen Wilmans, here is something funny from "The Waste-paper Basket" column of *Freedom*:

The whole creation down here is full of tourists; plenty of them never heard of me; but some of them have. Those who have heard of me call on me. This is a sample. Cards were brought me a few minutes ago by the colored girl, bearing the names of a man and woman who were strangers to me. I went to the parlor. "I am Mrs. Wilmans," I said. The man got up and looked me over as if I were a horse he had some idea of buying. Then he turned to the lady and said, "Jane, this is Mrs. Wilmans." Jane did not say a word, she just kept on looking. I sat down and wondered what would come next.

Presently the man said, "Up to where we live there's a sight of folks that told us not to come back without seeing you." I said I was glad to know I had friends so far away.

"I don't know as they be friends," he observed with unnecessary candor, "but they have heard of you and they want to know what you look like."

Then to his wife he remarked, "She's got red hair, Jane. No, it's not quite red, it's more of a yaller." Then to me, "Now tell the truth; can you cure people at a distance from you and without medicine?"

I said I could.

"How do you do it? I want to know all about it."

I tried to give him a few of the plainest ideas—all the time thinking of my work upstairs waiting for me, but it was labor lost.

He said there was a mighty sight of humbuggery in the world.

I admitted that; and then I "lit down" on him by asking him if he did not believe there were things in the world he had not heard of. "You know," I said, "that we are all pretty ignorant of the forces in nature, and that new forces are being discovered frequently." I tried to explain some of them to him and believed I was succeeding. I touched on things I thought he could surely understand. I grew eloquent, and I was tremendously logical. Presently when I paused, he turned again to his wife.

"What do you think of it, Jane?" he asked.

"Rats," said Jane.

Then they both looked at me triumphantly. Jane had voiced his sentiments. She had never taken her eyes off of me for one second; and as she was the pop-eyedest person I ever saw, I felt like a piece of the perforated cardboard we used to work brown flowers with blue leaves on. But still they showed no intention of leaving, and they would probably be there yet if the printer's devil had not come yawping for copy. For once in my life I was glad to see him.

Kate Atkinson Boehme, editor of *The Radiant Center*, Washington, D. C., has received an object lesson in the shape of a strong direct Suggestion. Her account of it is humorous, and it is a good illustration of the fact that a suggestion is an impression received through *any* of the senses—not solely through the sense of hearing, as many persons imagine. She uses it as an illustration of Directness, but it was unquestionably a case of a strong, pointed Suggestion. Here it is:

The other day in a street car my attention was caught and held by an ingenious advertisement. It was the head of a man bent forward in the act of looking straight into my eyes. He was also pointing directly at me with his forefinger, and supposed to be uttering these words: "SAY! U TRY A GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR."

The effect was powerful. I looked away in self-defense lest by a hypnotic spell I might be led from the car in search of that General Arthur cigar. I thought of Madame Blavat-

sky and her cigarettes, and wondered if by chance the editor of *The Radiant Centre* might find herself at the center of a circumference of smoke, while the General Arthur cigar furnished the central radiance.

Hardly! But I confess to a momentary hankering for that General Arthur cigar. It might be made of a cabbage leaf, but I didn't care; I wanted it. The spell passed, but not so the object lesson. I have been thinking about that ever since.

The above experience reminds us of that firm of enterprising trousers manufacturers, several years ago, whose advertisements, adorning the sides of the street cars, bore the glaring legend: "DO YOU WEAR PANTS?" The effect upon the reader was startling—at times. The "Bloomer" movement among fair bicyclists is understood to have received its original impetus from the strong Suggestion of this advertisement. The shirt-waist custom also may have originated in like manner. The constant and repeated Suggestion of signs saying: "WEAR COHEN'S SHIRTS," would undoubtedly produce some effect. "Thought takes form in Action," you know. This thing, if persisted in, may grow serious. Just imagine the consequences if the New Woman's League should plaster the country with signs of all sizes, colors and shapes, bearing the words: "MAKE HIM WASH THE DISHES!" Well unto you, Man, if that sign comes—your name will then be Dinis. The attention of our law-makers is earnestly directed to this subject. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Did you ever notice the Suggestion in a sign or advertisement? Let one boy pin an April fool sign: "Kick Me," on the coat of another lad—then watch the other boys carry out the Suggestion.

How many of you are following the Suggestion: "Use Pear's Soap," or "Eat H. O."? How many have implicitly acquiesced in the Suggestion: "Unedea Biscuit"? How many of you have acquired "That Tired Feeling" from the patent-medicine advertisement bearing those words in big letters at the top?

In a certain "garden" in Chicago there will be found, among other entertainments designed to extract the nimble dime from the pocket of the visitor, a "pony ride," conducted by the most enterprising man in his line that we have ever come across. He will wait until a crowd of children, with or without parents, come into sight, when, in a loud, strenuous, rasping tone, he begins: "Ride, ride, ride! Have-a-ride, take-a-ride, have-a-ride, take-a-ride! Anybody, everybody! anybody, everybody, r-r-r-ride, r-r-r-ride, R-R-R-RIDE! Take-a-ride, take-a-ride, take-a-ride, take-a-ride, take-a-ride-a-ride-a-ride-a-ride! Ride, ride, ride, ride, ride, RIDE, R-R-R-R-R-RIDE"!!! He keeps this up for about three minutes, apparently without taking a fresh breath. The very air seems to vibrate with his r-r-ride, r-r-ride, r-r-ride, and every child within hearing, who can raise a nickel, is clamoring for a "r-r-ride." This fellow is the incarnation of a repeated business Suggestion. It is worth the price of admission just to study him and his methods.

If you will use your eyes a little you may see many instances of this use of Suggestion. The fakir, the patent medicine street vendor, etc., all use this plan to a greater or lesser extent. Most of them do not know just *how* it works, but they know that a certain line of talk draws the quarters, and so they keep it up. Oh, it's quite a fascinating study for one who is interested in human nature. Remember

it now, and keep your eyes and ears open. You will thank us for many a hearty laugh, if you do.

The Christian Scientists are keeping up with the times. The newspapers relate that in a recent trial in the New York courts the testimony showed that an Eddyite healer "treated" a canary bird which had lost its feathers, the result being that the little yellow songster regained his plumage in a short time. That is to say—the belief of a bird regained his lost belief of feathers. Maybe the bird had reached the point where he knew his feathers were but an illusion of "mortal mind," whereupon he made a "high statement" that he had no feathers, and, presto, the feathers vanished. Now, what right had that healer to re-establish a false belief in feathers in the "mortal mind" of that canary? It looks like another case of the much talked of "malicious magnetism" which keeps so many of the "scientists" awake at night. Feathers are matter; matter is error; the less feathers the less error, and vice versa. Its all wrong, and Col. Sabin ought to mention the matter in his *News Letter*, the organ of the Reform Christian Scientists. The testimony in the New York case also showed that the aforesaid healer had successfully "treated" a clock, the works of which were out of gear. The healer started the clock going, and it is now ticking away merrily, seeming to say, "Mind is all; all is mind." You know Mrs. Eddy's inspired utterances can be read backwards as well as the other way, with splendid results. We have heard of a devout Eddyite who insists that he reads the Rev. Mary's "Science and Health" backwards, and gets as much wisdom and "science" in that way as in the other. We

think he is perfectly right, for we can get just as much sense out of that book by commencing at the end and reading backward—perhaps more. Try it some time when you can't get to sleep.

We are informed that Col. Sabin, doubtless inspired to additional effort by the feats of the Eddyite healer, recently "treated" his printing press successfully. It appears that the press was manifesting the total depravity inherent in inanimate objects, and the Kurnel sat back in his chair and spoke the Word to the press, and the latter up and got well at once. We have seen plain, every-day printers speak the Word to their presses when something got wrong with them. They usually spoke several Words, which seemed to have sort of an occult sound to them, but which Words could scarcely be considered a Christian Science treatment. They were scientific, no doubt (most printers use such words scientifically), but they were not Christian. (They were earnest affirmations, however.)

Come to think about that Eddyite clock, we don't know that the healer did any great things in mending it. What does the average watchmaker do to your watch when it don't go? He looks wise, and, after you go, he shakes it, blows into it, and drops a little oil into its works, and hangs it up with a ticket attached—"collect \$2." Another exhibition of the influence of mind over matter. The Eddyite looked at the clock, shook it and blew some "hot air" into it—"charges \$2." "All is Mind; Mind is All," "Matter is Nothing"; Nothing was the Matter with the clock; the \$2 was Matter; Matter is Nothing; therefore the healer charged Nothing for Nothing. Well, no Matter. It is Nothing to us.

In the last number of *Occult Truths*, Washington, D. C., the following appears in the Question and Answer column:

How are vermin exterminated psychically?
V. D. C. A proper centering and poise of the soul will lead to all animals being perfectly obedient to your spoken desires or permits. You will never influence them till all hate and repugnance have ceased. Make them feel your kindly love and they will obey you implicitly. You must get into the same rapport that you need to have with any other souls or intelligences in order to use them.

Well, well, we are living in a wonderful age. We respectfully recommend the above to those who wish to "exterminate vermin physically," and ask that they report the result after they have gotten into rapport with the vermin and have made the latter feel the "kindly love" which wishes to "exterminate" them. Obedient vermin is something new in the occult world. This beats the Eddyite canary and clock, or the Sabinian printing press.

The same journal contains instructions for occultists who lack the wherewithal to subscribe for *Occult Truths*. Here it is (the italics are ours):

Dealing as we do with the sick-poor and the poor-sick, we often receive letters saying that they would like to subscribe for the *Occult Truths* but have not the dollar. Well, here is how to get this dollar, and *after you have sent it*, the same means will get other dollars for other purposes, *if you honestly use those that come for the purpose you said you wanted them. Never fail in this! It is a sacred trust.* But if your purpose is a bad one, you will not get the money.

Sit alone in a dark room, say you want a dollar for this purpose provided it is right. Then relapse into the silence, still your mind and body all you can. Sit ten or fifteen minutes each day, preferably at sunrise, noon, sunset or midnight. In due time, a dollar will come to you UNEXPECTEDLY, and rather mysteriously, and it is for this purpose. Doubt

not its divine origin, but begin then to sit for two dollars with which to buy a hat or some other needed thing. Next, sit for three dollars and so on. Finally, sit for a splendid mansion! "ALL IS YOURS, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's," but not effectively till you demonstrate it.

In his Correspondence column the editor publishes the following letters from subscribers who "sot" and raised the dollar:

Got the Dollar.—I sat in the silence for a dollar to send to *Occult Truths*. I did not then know where it could possibly come from. I was next asked to sit up with a sick person one night. That brought the dollar. Now, I am encouraged to sit for other things. M. H., Cal.

In the Silence.—I asked in the silence for \$2.00. It came today and some more with it. Your help is more to me than a new hat or shoes. Having the "Kingdom within" all else is added. M. W., Mich.

Talk about billion dollar trusts, treasury reserves, Kimberly mines and other big things! Why, they're not in it with this new plan. Every man his own Steel Trust! Just think of it. Anybody! Everybody!! Sit for one dollar; sit for two dollars; three, four, five! No limit! Everything's coming our way. In the words of the coon song, "We're libbin easy." At the end of the year we'll be "sitting" for \$365 per diem, and the market still rising. Aladdin's lamp is a monkey to this thing. The lamp took rubbing—unnecessary work—and this takes only sitting. Standard Oil is not in it. Oh, this is great. We think we have worked enough for to-day, and we're now going to "sit" for an automobile and a spring suit. We trust that all of our readers will start in to "sit" every day now. But, remember, the first dollar comes to us. "Never fail in this. It is a Sacred Trust."

The Truth About Somnambulism.

I am glad to be able to state to our readers that Dr. Parkyn has at last complied with my repeated requests, and has consented to give us a series of articles embodying his views and the results of his investigation of the state of hypnotic somnambulism. The first article of the series appears in this issue, and the succeeding articles will appear each month until the series is concluded. As many of our readers are aware, Dr. Parkyn's views on this subject are radically different from those entertained by many other writers on hypnotic phenomena, and he takes a very advanced stand. By his theory, the subject of hypnotism is divested of much of its mystery, and much that has heretofore seemed uncanny and weird is seen to be quite simple and easily understood. This theory sweeps away the ridiculous claims of the "professors," and the true inwardness of the public hypnotic performances is clearly shown. The doctor's views will come as a revelation to many who have held the old views regarding hypnotic somnambulism, but his theory can easily be proven correct by any careful investigator. I formerly entertained the old idea on the subject, and was loath to admit that I had been so self-deluded, but careful investigation compelled an entire revision of my views. This is the experience of many other investigators in this field. While Dr. Parkyn's theory will rob hypnotism of its sensational features and will hurt the public performers, it will open up a new field for Suggestive Therapeutics and broaden the work of its practitioners. Dr. Parkyn's articles will show us Suggestion as it is, and will expose Hypnotism as it isn't.

W. W. A.

Electro-Therapeutic Apparatus.

The McIntosh Battery & Optical Co., whose advertisement appears in this issue of SUGGESTION, were pioneers in the work of development of high-class Electro Therapeutic Apparatus. They began the manufacture of the Toepler Holtz form of Static machine as early as 1885, and have kept abreast of the needs of practitioners and investigators until they are now offering a machine which stands in the very front rank as regards its mechanical and electrical construction and its perfect adaptability for both therapeutic work and X-ray diagnosis.

Among some of the great advantages of this machine over the Holtz-Wimshurst type are that the McIntosh machine is self exciting; that it is only under the most adverse conditions of atmospheric humidity that the machine is affected by moisture, and on such rare occurrence the use of their simple "Ice and Salt" remedy quickly and thoroughly dries out the air by refrigeration, and all necessity for the use of troublesome and often destructive drying agent, chloride of calcium, is entirely avoided.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

SUGGESTION IN THE CURE OF DISEASE AND CORRECTION OF VICES, by George C. Pitzer, M. D., is a well-known little book which has reached its fifth edition. The author has brought his work up to date and has added several chapters. The author is well known as a successful practitioner of Suggestive Therapeutics and has embodied the results of his experience in this work. The book deserves the large sale it has had. It is well printed and neatly bound. Price, \$1.00. Sold by the author, 935 West Washington street, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN, by Elizabeth Towne, is quite different from the other writings of the author, with which our readers have been made familiar by means of extracts reproduced in our "Shears and Paste-Pot" column. We took up this book for review expecting to have some fun with the author before we got through, and plunged rashly into its unknown waters. We soon found that we were beyond our depth, and accordingly struck out boldly for the shore, which we reached in safety. Dr. Latson, editor of *Health Culture*, says: "This is, in many respects, the most remarkable book I have ever read," and we think he was right. The author has endeavored to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, and gives her views of the whither, whence and why of existence. She tells us all about things, and acts as if she knew just what she was talking about. There is no use trying to review this book—it is beyond that stage—you will have to buy it to get at the inwardness of it, and then you will read it over several times before you get your mental bearings after the shaking up

Elizabeth will give you. Orthodox readers may not like this book, but the other kind will cry for it. The keynote of the book is Desire, its nature, control and direction. Admirers of the author will find that this book is the product of the "I Am" side of her, just as her *Journal* and her *Solar Plexus* book represents her "I Do" side. This book has met with a large sale, and the present edition is enlarged, renovated and remodeled and has all the modern conveniences. We found it hard to get past the first page, upon which appears a fine picture of the good-looking author. The picture alone is worth the price of the book. If all of Elizabeth's congregation looks as plump, healthy and sassy as does the pastor of her flock, we will be forced to admit that there is much virtue in her vibration theory. If you are at all interested in the "thingness of things," you will get your money's worth out of this book—but it's not a joke book.

Attractively printed on antique paper, neatly bound in a Hibernian tinted cover, and sells for the very reasonable price of 50 cents. Order from ELIZABETH TOWNE, Box 1012, Holyoke, Mass.

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"Sub-Consciousness" in Religion.

At a recent session of the Hartford (Conn.) Conference of Baptist Ministers, a lengthy paper entitled "Conversion and Secondary Consciousness" was read by the Rev. George W. Cutten, of New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Cutten held that man, by working through the secondary or sub-consciousness of his brother, may perform in an infinitesimal way the same works that God has done.

In his introduction he said that Christian theologians and scientists had always differed, but at the present time both were coming to realize that they are working on the same plane. The subject which he was to discuss was in its infancy, but there were and it is being realized that there are two sides to a man's nature—the conscious and the sub-conscious. The sub-consciousness is nominally the real part of a man. It is servile and cowardly and essentially a brutish self, but it is quick to act. To study it, it must be separated from consciousness. This can be done by hypnotism, but when one is hypnotized his sub-conscious self becomes his conscious self.

This sub-consciousness may be illustrated by writing. A person starts to write "institution." When he reads over his writing, he finds he has written "instance." His consciousness carried him through the first three letters, and then the sub-consciousness asserted itself and he wrote the more common word. Sub-consciousness has control of the body during sleep. It never sleeps and never forgets.

Mr. Cutten then spoke of how a man could wake himself at a certain hour by fixing it in his mind when he went to sleep. He illustrated his point by saying

a servant girl in sickness began to recite Hebrew and Greek. She had never studied it, but it turned out that years before she had worked in a minister's house and one day had heard him repeat the words she uttered. It was the sub-consciousness which had never forgotten. Actors were cited as examples when they have at times really believed they were the persons whose parts they were playing.

"Hypnotism," said Mr. Cutten, "is an instrument for exalting all human nature, but in religion we must deal with the consciousness as well as the sub-consciousness. But I believe God works through it. Religion does not appeal to reason, it is a sudden knowledge that comes to one. Very few people are converted by argument. A man with a craving for stimulants may be cured by a simple suggestion to his sub-consciousness, and man, by working on his brother's sub-consciousness, may in an infinitesimal degree accomplish what God has done."

In regard to the relation of sub-consciousness to religion, Mr. Cutten said that the majority of conversions took place between the ages of 10 and 12. That is because, he said, the mind at that time is more easily influenced by suggestions. The sub-consciousness never forgets that suggestion. Mr. Cutten believed that in teaching, as well as preaching, it is better to use sub-consciousness, as one should suggest rather than reason. Doubt in religion is often caused by a conflict between the conscious and sub-conscious natures. In prayer we find sub-consciousness, for it is communion with God we want and not words and reasoning as to how God will hear them.

Mr. Cutten spoke of Christian Science, saying that the way to prove its fallacy

was not by denying it, but by explaining it. Mrs. Eddy and her so-called metaphysics had little to do with it. One could be relieved as well of the toothache by going to an illiterate person and sitting down and reading Latin and Greek. Mr. Cutten ended by stating his belief that God worked through the sub-consciousness of man's nature, and that he believed that Jesus while on earth did the same.

Accidental Suggestion.

In "A Journalist's Note-Book," Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said gravely: "I will write you to-morrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course, you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognosis—nothing less than a death warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration, and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never rise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

"My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking?"

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man! My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.

Every unselfish, loving thought sent out, every unselfish deed done, is capital, and is forever at interest. Increase your capital account.—*Hope.*

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SECRET OF SEX

a book by Dr. Wilbur Taber, it is the most up-to-date treatise on this fascinating subject. **SENT FREE** to old subscribers sending a new subscriber to **SUGGESTION.**

Will Power.

It does not matter what a person's nature, disposition, inclinations and aspirations may be, there exists one desire in all—the desire for power to accomplish, to do or to be.

Nearly every one has experienced mental exaltation during certain periods while able to dismiss all disturbing thoughts. During such periods it seems that nothing is impossible and that one really can accomplish what he wills. But, alas, such a feeling of courage soon loses itself in the turbulent thought waves of trouble and misery, unless controlled by active Will. But can any one exercise the Will with any degree of success? Why not? Every living human being is exercising the Power of Will during every moment of their lives, but most of them are exercising it in the wrong direction—are neglecting to care for and develop it until the faculty, like a dissipating ex-prize fighter, becomes a "back number," owing partly to lack of care and partly to disorganizing habits. You cannot move a muscle without the consent of the will. There is so much talk about the involuntary function of the system and its cause. It is possible to regulate, control or suspend every action of the human organism by the exercise of active will power, because all involuntary activity is the result of established habit, and a habit can never be formed without the consent of the Will. The muscular and other feats that we have seen a hypnotist compel subjects to perform, anyone can execute without hypnotic influence simply by compelling the functions of the body to be obedient to the commands of the Will, which necessarily reigns supreme.

The human body is an aggregation

of forces. These forces vary in the rates of motion and combinations from the apparently firm structure of the bone to the most etheric and rapid vibrations of spiritual magnetisms. The Will controls them all, reaching the coarser by means of the finer and more rapid vibration. Thoughts and emotions being subject to the control of the Will, while nerve-force or vital magnetism is directly controlled by thoughts and emotions. There are methods by which thoughts may be caused to act directly upon the spiritual nature of man, but it can act upon the comparatively coarse and material structure of muscles and bones only by first acting upon the finer forces. Thus it will be seen that mere efforts of the will, if properly directed, can cure disease and keep the body in perfect health. Many who read the various feats that may be accomplished by the power of thought, or by magnetic power, directed by active, trained will, being unable to perform similar feats, consider the entire subject a delusion and dismiss it as such. If you have ever had occasion to witness the feats performed by a trained athlete, you will realize that careful and persistent work along certain lines of exercise is necessary before the muscular development is attained that enables him to enter the arena and astonish you by his strength, endurance and skill. Such strength is not obtainable by mere reading of physical culture literature or eating of nourishing foods; neither can it be purchased and put on like a garment. Its acquirement involves careful and persistent practice. The acquirement of a will sufficiently powerful to be of use in practical life also involves training.—*Thought.*

NOTICE

During the next few months the course in Suggestive Therapeutics and Hypnotism at the Chicago School of Psychology will be given for

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If you contemplate taking a course in this interesting, fascinating and indispensable branch of learning, you should take advantage of this reduction in price and attend the lectures and clinics, which will be conducted by Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, in person.

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F. H. Blackmarr, M.D., formerly professor of Electro-Therapeutics in Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, will give a two weeks' course in Electro-Therapeutics for the Edison College of Electro-Therapeutics every month hereafter, beginning on the first Monday in the month. The course is the most complete and practical which can be obtained anywhere. Beginning with the physics of Electricity, Dr. Blackmarr takes his students carefully through the whole science, giving special attention to X-Ray work, including the treatment of cancer.

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Somnambulism

Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn's articles, giving an analysis of Hypnotic Somnambulism, begin with the May number of SUGGESTION. These articles will discuss the subject thoroughly, but we advise every reader of Suggestion to send for a copy of

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On Hypnotism and Suggestive Therapeutics, in order to derive the greatest amount of benefit from them. With this 400 page, illustrated course in your possession these articles will prove remarkably interesting and instructive.

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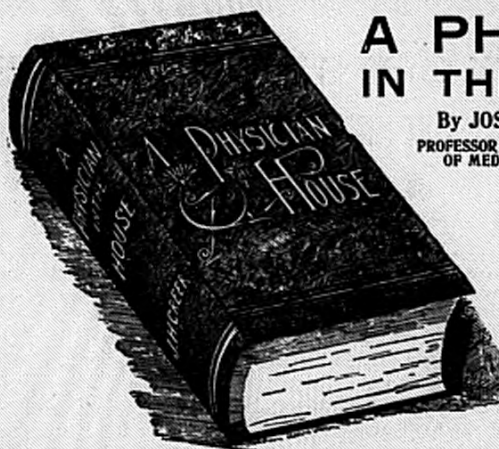
Begin the Day Aright.

Start your morning with a pleasant word, if only given to yourself. Begin your breakfast with a song. If you feel "blue," so much more the reason why the song should not be omitted. Exert yourself to look pleasant and feel light-hearted, and it will greatly tend to raise your spirits and shed sunbeams of peace in your pathway. Others will get the benefit of your jovial feelings as well as yourself. There is no virtue in hugging misery to your heart. Drive it away as you would so many reptiles. Misery is a poison which creeps all through the inner senses and deadens and benumbs the finer self. Beware of entertaining despondent thoughts. Think of others, and so surely as you feel kindly and generous to your

fellow man, so surely will you gain the benefit of your own acts. Be selfish in being unselfish.—*Faith and Hope Messenger.*

Step Out, Honey.

Some folks say dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd, dey say,
Gwine to punish us for steppin' when we hyeah de music play.
But I tell you, I don't beliebe it, fur de Lawd is wise an' good,
An' He made de banjo's metal, an' He made de fiddle's wood,
An' He made de music in dem, so I don't quite think He'll keer
If our feet keep time a little to de melodies we hear. —*Now.*



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Mr. Somnam—But how can that be done?

Mrs. Bakergee—By paying me three dollars a treatment.

A Good Diagnostician.

An inquisitive small boy was watching an old colored woman trying to put her baby to sleep.

"Auntie," said he, "did you raise that baby on the bottle?"

The old woman replied: "Yes, I raised dis chile on de bottle."

The little boy thought deeply for some minutes, and then he remarked: "Auntie, wasn't it an ink bottle?"—*Exchange.*

Dollar Limit.

Hypnotist—This subject is now completely under my control. None of you can rouse him from his hypnotic sleep. You can pull his hair, stick pins into him, take away his coat or his pocketbook—

Subject (starting up)—Stop right there. I'll let my hair be pulled out for a dollar a night, but if I'm going to be robbed, the ante must be raised right now.

Sanmetto as a General Tonic.

Dr. J. W. Russell, of Clyde, Ohio, writing, says: "I have used Sanmetto extensively in genitourinary irritations, and in atony of the generative system, with splendid results. I am also pleased with its action as a general tonic in cases debilitated as a result of La Grippe."

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From France, the home of Hypnotism, comes the latest discovery in the production of Hypnosis. The French Scientist, Dr. Paul Saint Martin, has invented the Hypno-Metronome, by which two of the senses are played upon in place of one.

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